

Litchfield Enquirer:

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY HENRY ADAMS.

TERMS. To village and single mail subscribers, two dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months.

To companies of any number over six, \$1 50 per year, payable as above. To companies less than six, \$1 75 per year, payable as above. 25 cents will be deducted from each of these prices when payment is made in advance. These prices are exclusive of mail or stage charge for transportation.

No papers will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the editor.

Notice of a wish to discontinue must be given before the expiration of a year.

ADVERTISING. One square, three insertions, \$1, and the same proportion for two or more squares.—Half a square, 75 cts. Continuance over three weeks 20 per cent per week. A liberal deduction made for advertisements continued 6 or 12 months.

Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1 00
Commissioners' Notices, 1 25
All communications must be post-paid.

IMPORTANT!

TO PERSONS SUFFERING FROM RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS.

To the Editor of the Enquirer.

SIR—On the principle inculcated by the great and good Dr. Franklin, to diffuse as widely as possible every means in our power to mitigate and cure the afflictions of suffering humanity, I feel it incumbent upon me to make known through the medium of your useful paper, that on reading therein an advertisement of

Dr. Jebb's Liniment for the Cure of RHEUMATISM.

I was forcibly impressed with a belief that it was calculated to remove the severe Rheumatic Affection to which I had been for seven or eight years subjected, sometimes almost depriving me of the use of my limbs, I accordingly procured a bottle, and before I had used the whole of it, I found very sensible relief. This increased my confidence in it, and led me to obtain another bottle, the use of which has completely removed the swellings and pains of my limbs, together with the cramp, and restored them to their wonted vigor.

I am respectfully yours,
GEORGE TAYLOR, JR.
Hempstead, L. I. March 24th.

Persons suffering from the above complaints, and in despair of a cure from the failure of the various remedies they have used, are invited to make trial of this long celebrated medicine, which has in years past cured, and relieved, as it is also now doing, thousands who had despaired of relief. Nothing but a fair trial can give an adequate idea of its unrivalled excellence. It is also one of the best applications known for stiffness of the joints, numbness, sprains and chilblains.

Price 50 cents.

None are genuine unless signed T. KIDDER, on the wrapper, (sole proprietor and successor to Dr. CORWAY,) by whom they are for sale, at his Counting Room, No. 39 Court-street, Boston, and by his special appointment, by
Drs. Buel and Beckwith, Litchfield; E. Cowles, South Farms; J. C. Stevens, Canaan; I. S. Wadsworth, Bethlehem.

English Round Iron and Waggon Tire.
American ditto, assorted sizes.
English Hoop and Band Iron.
American and Cast Steel.
Cart Bozcs, &c.
For sale by **S. P. BOLLES.**
Litchfield, June 23.

NOTICE.

WE the subscribers having been appointed a Committee by the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut, at their Session in May, 1836, under the Charter granted to the Litchfield and Plymouth Turnpike Company, with full power to go out at the expense of said Company, and view, lay out and survey a road from a point on the Eastern side of the Straits turnpike road, about one mile Southerly of the Borough of Litchfield, to and along the valley of the Western branch of Waterbury river to said Waterbury river turnpike, in the town of Plymouth, where in the opinion of said Committee it will best accommodate the public travel, and assess the damages to be done to individuals thereby: first giving notice by publishing in a newspaper printed in Litchfield of the time and place of their meeting, at least twenty days previous to the time of said meeting, and shall make their report to the County Court to be held at Litchfield in and for said County next after they shall have completed the same.

In pursuance of said appointment, we hereby give notice that we shall meet at Sylvester Spencer's Tavern, in the Borough of Litchfield, on the 4th Monday of September, 1836, at twelve o'clock at noon, to proceed to execute the trust granted by said General Assembly.

DANIEL B. BRINSMADE,
ERASTUS LYMAN,
NATHANIEL STEVENS, Committee.
Dated at Washington, Aug. 30, 1836. 12

Let it be Remembered,
BY those in want, that the subscriber has a great variety of dark colored Calicoes, and as good an assortment of

Dry Goods generally,
WITH
Crockery and Glass Ware, Hardware and Groceries,
as is usually found in a country store, all of which he is anxious to sell.

ISAAC LAWRENCE.
East-Street, one door west of the
Presbyterian Church, Aug. 25. 12

D. L. FARNAM'S
Patent Lifting and Forcing PUMPS.

MANUFACTURED BY **J. S. LEIBERT & CO.**
at Germantown, near Philadelphia, Penn.

No. 1. Large Pump for raising water for the supply of Villages, or any purpose where a great quantity of water is required, they will raise 200 gallons per minute.

No. 2. will raise 60 gallons per minute, the above are well calculated for Steamboats, Ships, Stone Quarries, or Fire Engines, for Steamboats they are valuable for filling boilers or water tanks, washing decks, and may be a safe guard in case of fire, as Engines they will throw water, No. 1, 100 feet, No. 2, 60 feet perpendicular.

No. 3. for deep wells of 100 feet or less, they will work easy any depth, will raise 20 gallons per minute.

No. 4. House pump for drawing water from wells, cisterns, or springs, from any distance, height not exceeding 30 feet, and will raise from 16 to 20 gallons per minute, according to height and distance.

These Pumps are all formed of metal, of the most lasting qualities, they are very simple in their construction, and these parts subject to friction are packed with Leather, and may be readily renewed, (should they ever require it) by any person of ordinary capacity; 2 years experience and the general approbation of those having used them, are a guarantee of their superior qualities, over 700 being now in use.

For Pumps in the County of Litchfield, except Warren, Washington and New-Milford, apply to **R. S. POTTER, in Litchfield Village.**
July 20, 1836.

A NEW SUPPLY OF
Sugars, Tea, and other Groceries,
JUST RECEIVED BY
I. LAWRENCE.
Aug. 25.

FOR THE ENQUIRER.

SCRAPS.

Pais. Sat.

Quantum est in rebus inane!

It was a glorious eve of spring,
All balm and beauty, each young star
From its blue resting place afar
Bent downward on its silver wing,
Like a bright spirit: the sweet south
Breath'd perfume from its rosy mouth,
And the wild birds, as if they faint
Would witch the sunshine back again,
Made lovelier music. Evening's hymn,
Mingling all gentle sounds—the moan
Of moonlight waters—and the tone
Of the stir'd greenwood branches dim
Went up in heaven—each dew flower
Bent mournfully upon its stem,
As if in grief that unto them
Had been denied that gift of power—
A voice—at twilight's Sabbath hour.

I stood upon Lake George's shore
With a fair being, such as he,
The pilgrim-bard of Italy,
Perchance might dream of, and deplore
That vision that would come no more.
A glorious eye, that might outline
The fairest star of Persia's heaven—
A rose's lip, to which was given
A voice like Memnon's, all divine;
A brow, whose beauty might beguile
Prometheus in his chain awhile;
And a light form that to the eye
Seem'd a new world's divinity.

I stood in silence, yielding up
My very spirit to the power
That in that glorious vesper hour
Flung at night's shrine its incense-cup.
I had no earthly feeling, all
Bow'd unto nature's glorious thrall.
Each gentle thought, that came and went
Like starbeams through the starless air,
Lying so full of beauty there,
Were born of that free element—
And if I sigh'd, it was for wings
Like a young eagle, wild and free,
To soar where evening's holy things
Gather'd along Night's canopy.

I turn'd; that radiant face was there
Lifted in beauty, with a smile
Resting upon its lip the while,
Such as an angel's lip might wear,
And gloriously that starry eye
Flash'd back the night-sky's brilliancy.
She seem'd a Peri wing'd for flight,
And pausing till some sign was given
In the unclouded depths of heaven,
To seek again her world of light—
Oh! for a wizard's gentle power
To read thy thought, fair girl, this hour!
That red lip mov'd—"I wish I knew
"If all our nursery tales were true
"About that moon; this very minute
"I think I saw the man that's in it."

Alas for love's sad worship! woe
That the young heart can find below
No worthier idols—the sweet flowers
That cheer us in life's earlier hours
Fade in the spring time—stars whose beams
Gladden our boyhood's later dreams
With their soft beauty, side by side
Go out in heaven at eventide—
And woman, whose deep love should bless
Our grown-up heart's sad loneliness—
Whose Parian brow, and glances eye—
The rainbow beauty of whose smile
Might witch an angel of the sky
To linger with his song awhile—
Sweet woman! will forever be
Of vanities, the vanity!

Salem.

The following is the direction of a letter received in Mobile on the 11th inst. which was mailed in Boston on the 27th ultimo:

Ye Jackson Postmasters, I pray,
You'd send this off without delay,
To Mobile City, in the State
Of Alabama, there to wait
The call of Major Aaron Gage—
A man who writes me in a rage,
That late the letters which I send, all
Are lost thro' fault of Amos Kendall!
Tho' I'm inclined to think that wholly
The blame belongs to Oecida.
To prove that I am right, he wrong,
Send this with care and speed along.

Two young men, whose parents are respectable, were fined fifteen dollars each for disturbing the congregation worshipping in the Methodist Church in Anthony street, on Wednesday evening. These young men were guilty of entering the seats of the elders, and violating the sanctity of the house by boisterous cries of "Glory, Amen, I see him," &c. which they kept up for some time and were making preparations to be off, when the Minister expressed a hope that they would not be allowed to depart, and they were taken to the Watch-house.—N. Y. Star.

Profession and Practice.—A young lady near Calais, who appeared in a religious procession in the morning under the character of the Virgin Mary, eloped the same evening with an officer of the Cuirassiers.

Harlem Rail Road Tunnel.—This stupendous undertaking, it is expected, will be completed in about six weeks. The tunnel is already through the mountain 475 feet on the north side, and 60 ft. on the south, and about 60 feet more remains to be cut before the workmen meet. This tunnel, when completed, will be the largest, though not the longest, in the world, and cut through rock of as hard and firm a texture as can anywhere be found. The open cuts on either side of the tunnel are almost terrific to gaze at from the edge of the summit. They are through the solid rock, and that on the north side is 55 feet deep. When completed and connected with the adjoining scenery, it will form one of the grandest and most romantic sights to be found on the face of the globe.—N. Y. Times.

The Bostonians boast—we mean the Morning Post boasts for them—that the first canal cut in this country—the Middlesex, was by the Bostonians—and that the Quincy rail-road was also the first constructed in America. We believe the Post is right; right, at least, according to our recollection.

Contrast.—Mr. Jefferson in a letter to Gov. McKean, says: "The Constitutional remedy, by the elective principle, becomes nothing, if it may be smothered by the enormous patronage of the General Government." How beautifully this language contrasts with that used by the Van Buren Democratic organ in Washington, in apologizing for its defeat in Missouri. "The patronage of the Federal Government has not been used to sustain the Republican party, so far as we have a right to expect." This is Van Buren Democracy!—And yet this party claim to be the exclusive Jeffersonian Republicans Democrats.—Albany Daily Ad.

An evil omen.—A man by the name of Silas Wright, was lost in the steamboat General Jackson, when she went down.—Washington County Post.

The two Rathbuns, and their Clerk, Rathbun Allen, were arraigned on Friday last, upon five several indictments, to which they plead not guilty. Their trials are expected to come on at the Oyer and Terminer in September.—Albany Eve. Journal.

Indian Robbed.—The Memphis Enquirer says that three white men, with faces blacked and disguised, lately entered an Indian cabin, in the nation, and robbed it of \$1750, which the proprietor had received from the sale of his lands. This is a double robbery. The land speculators in Florida first take the land itself, miscalling the pittance which they hand over for it, a purchase, and to which transaction the reluctant Indian is forced to be a party. In the present instance the money was taken. Of the two robberies, who will decide which carries the palm for injustice? Ask the red man. The original lord of the soil will not feel non-plussed for a quick reply.

VERBS.—A teacher, one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as 'Peter is beaten.'—Now, what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he hollered."

A hint to young married Women.—Never tell your affairs to any old gossiping housewife. Let her appear ever so specious, so sincere, so candid, be sure to avoid her's and keep your own counsel; for the only reason she has for prying into your secrets, insinuating herself into your confidence, is to learn that some error, some deformity exists in your family, on which to feast in secret delight for a luxurious moment, and then share some of the choicest bits with her neighbors.—Treasure this up, act upon it, and it will save you years of mortification, if not heart burning and sorrow.

A Female Husband.—A female, dressed in male apparel, was recently apprehended in New York for vagrancy. She stated that she left her parents in England when young, in consequence of ill treatment, came to this country, assumed male apparel, and when she had nearly arrived at manhood, married a Miss Eliza Cummings, with whom she went to Quebec. A few days after her marriage she imparted the secret of her sex to her wife; but notwithstanding this the two females have lived together ever since as man and wife. Fifteen years have passed since their union, during which it appears they experienced a great variety of fortune, but kept the secret of the husband's sex so well that it never before transpired, and remains even unknown to the wife's father who has resided for some years with them.

A Good Idea.—A distinguished writer of this country says that, "An acknowledged gentleman is never bound to notice scurrilous abuse of notorious and proverbial black-guards." The same idea is expressed in the old saying—"A well bred man will not insult me, and no other can." It is implied, also, in the following passage, which we came across the other day, in turning over the leaves of LACON:—"If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a black-guard, let your lawyer manage it, rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney sweeper, who has no objection to dirty work, because it is his trade."

Selecting and Preserving good Seed.—The seeds of various vegetables are now daily becoming ripe under the eye of the cultivator; and if he does not gather the best, and make the most of all sorts of useful seeds, he neglects one of the most important branches of rural economy. Gather the best seeds only for propagation, and let those which are not first-rate never be used for planting or sowing. The dry kinds of seed are the best kept in their own pods or outer coverings; but the seeds of all soft fruits, such as cucumbers, melons, &c. must be cleansed from the pulp and mucilage, which surround them; otherwise the rotting of these parts will spoil the seeds.

When seeds are gathered, it should always be done in dry weather; then they should be hung up in bags in a dry room, so as to preserve them from the air.

The selections of seeds depend principally on a proper choice of grains and kernels, as well as roots, from the most vigorous vegetables, growing under our own inspection: for though it be conjectured that the cultivation of a particular plant from the same seed, and in the same soil, will at length cause it to degenerate, yet numerous well attested instances have occurred, in which the contrary effects have been evident. The more healthy stalks or stems should therefore be selected for bearing seeds; and such as attain maturity at the earliest period of the season ought to be preferred, especially if they grow at a distance from weakly plants of the same species; lest fecundating farina of the latter be blown on the stigma of the former, and an inferior kind of succession be produced.

The proper time for gathering seeds is the period of their perfect maturity, which may be ascertained by the dryness of the stem; because when the latter begins to decay, it becomes bleached by the oxygen of the atmosphere, and no further nourishment can then be conveyed to the seed.

Not Bad.—At a recent auction sale not fifty miles from Salem, the knight of the ivory headed hammer was provokingly annoyed by the incessant and ludicrous bids of a fellow, whose whole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers, rather than himself to buy. After enduring the fellow's impertinence for some time, old Going-gone-peremptorily ordered him to be "gone" from the auction room. The stubborn animal, in place of obeying, set himself deliberately to "argue the topic" with our knock down friend, and inquired if he had not an indisputable right to stay, as long as he chose, in a public auction room. The auctioneer, more incensed than ever, told him the premises were his own, and he would not tolerate his impertinence any longer, and again repeated his turn out orders. With the utmost sang froid the fellow told him that "he had concluded not to go." Enraged beyond endurance, he of the hammer, looking around the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs upon the insulting sinner, fixed his eye upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very Monarch in strength, and cried out, "M—ch, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?" "I take one life tollar bill." "Done, gone!" said he and you shall have it." Assuming the ferocious—knitting his brows—spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old M—ch strode up to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a thundering whisper that he was heard all over the room: "My good frin, you go out wild me, I give you half de tollar bill." "Done, gone," says the fellow. "Hurrar! hurrar!" exclaimed the delighted audience. The auctioneer himself had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out the V.

Salem Gazette.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE NO-CHILDRED HOUSE.

One cannot well step over a threshold, without being able to distinguish whether it belong to a house of no children or of many children. There is a primness and neatness about the childless mansion, which is entirely wanting in the many-childed.—From the steps outside the door, to the innermost penetralia, all is chill and cleanly decorum. The severest duties of the lady consist in slight repairs of slight derangements of the domestic economy—the readjustment of ruffled crumb-cloths after morning calls, the replacing of table-covers after meals, or the removal, from half-worn shipped chimney ornaments, of single particles of dust which 'have no business there.' If the house were something kept under a glass case, it would hardly preserve a more toy-like precision of outline, or a more perfect exemption from all disturbing circumstances. Everlasting silence reigns—or is broken only by sounds which otherwise would not be heard, such as the foot fall of the solitary maid in a distant kitchen, or the flutter of the left wing of a favorite canary dipped into his water-glass. Every thing which tends to derangement or to noise is banished. Coal merchants are given up if their wares have the least propensity to either dust or cracking. The cat's infant family are regularly dismissed as soon as they can properly leave the maternal bosom. The visit of a friend's children is dreaded as a descent of caterans upon the peaceful Lenox was dreaded of old; and the damage which a few minutes of them will occasion, although imperceptible to ordinary eyes, is not repaired in less than half a day. In entering such a house, the mind is oppressed with a sense of awful propriety. The tyranny of unimpeachable cleanliness comes upon the heart like the breath of hyperborean gales. One feels like the dove of Noah, as if there were no place whereon to set one's foot. You pass awe-struck among the reflections of glittering furniture, and fear to offend chairs and sofas by sitting down upon them. The very coal-scuttle has a kind of touch-me-not air about it, while the neatly gilded brush beside the bell-pull seems to plume itself much more upon its service towards the ornamental than the useful. Twenty years may have elapsed since the sitting up of the house; but every article still seems fresh from the shop of the upholster. The fine edge, the primeval shine, the Eden innocence of every thing, is still there.

In a domain thus sacred from disturbance and almost from use, the worthy couple are stuck up like statues in shrines. The lady sits in perpetual accuracy of attitude by window or by fireside—sewing at one endless seam, or engaged upon some volume, from a circulating library which is on the point of declaring itself exhausted. Her husband occupies an opposite chair, like a companion picture, with perhaps the next ensuing volume of the novel. His feet are raised upon the fender; the light is properly arranged at his back; he is endued with slippers and gowns, and knows no annoyance but that he has no annoyances. Their meals consist of little dishes not often changed—roasts so small as to have lost all sap, mutton chops, cutlets, and other fiddlefaddles. If they venture upon any ordinary dish, they have to sit down with cold monotony for a week, which is not half elapsed till they wish they could be conscientiously relieved from it, either by plunder or putrescence. The lady makes it her chief business to coddle the gentleman, and the gentleman makes it his chief business to take care of the lady.—There is always one pair of his spare shoes perfectly dried by the side of the fire. In their hearts they pine beyond all that could be confessed for children, but invariably profess to themselves and to each other, that they infinitely prefer the serene comfort which they at present enjoy, and dread the trouble of rearing an infant. They are nevertheless great theoretical educators. They perceive and discuss every fault in the upbringing of every child of every family of their acquaintance, describe one set of parents as too severe, another as too gentle, a third as having no system at all, and think how beautifully they could correct all the said errors, if they had anything to say in the matter. In the meantime, while railing at their friend Mrs. Easy for spoiling Tom and Fanny, they assiduously pamper their own lapdog Pinch, till the little creature arrives at an aggravation of fat and mischief intolerable to all but themselves. When Mrs. Greenfield loses a child, and is absorbed in grief for the event, our worthy pair severely reprehend conduct so irrational, and are clear that no mother is justifiable in neglecting the comfort of the living out of grief for the dead. Next week Pinch dies, and so great are the distress and derangement which follow, that for three days the gentleman has to wear unsaid slippers, and the lady thinks of a jaunt to Paris, as the only means of recovering her spirits.

HISTORY OF AN IRISH FAMILY.

R. was an Irishman, who like thousands, came to America poor. He married H., a poor Irish girl. In process of time they had five children. For years he was employed much of the time by a man who drank freely of ardent spirits. R. became very intemperate, abused his wife and family, as most intemperate men do. They were reduced, not to want merely, but to rags and starvation; his earnings being spent in a neighboring village, where were no less than six houses, where he could spend his daily wages for liquor. His wife being taken with a fever, the physicians found her in the corner of a hut in a bank of straw, with a few rags thrown over her; dirty and forlorn, under a burning fever.—The children nearly naked; not a bed, or

bedstead, or chair in the hut. In preparing medicine, a few old tin cups and the relics of some crockery were found. This was a drunken man's dwelling, or rather the dwelling of his family, his time being spent either at the farmer's, who employed him, or at taverns in the village. The physician, who was a pious man, called the attention of some pious friends to this scene of wretchedness. The sick woman received the charities of the pious, and the children had their naked bodies covered, the family being considered objects of compassion. The woman recovered, and the physician expected no compensation for his medicine and services.

At length the employer of R. died, and the Lord so ordered, that R. removed several miles into a neighborhood of temperate men, and was employed by a wealthy farmer, who had no spirits drank within his house or fields. His influence over R. was salutary. The circumstances of R. changed when he left his bottle. His removal carried him farther from the physician, who knew and thought but little of him.

In the autumn of 1834, R. called on the physician, clothed in good apparel, and asked how much he owed him. The physician replied he knew not, but could ascertain when he could get time to look over his books, asking him if he wished to pay it. He replied he should pay him; and, taking a dollar from his pocket said, 'I take that as an evidence that I mean to pay you.' He then went on to state, 'I have become a temperate man. I have not taken any spirits for nearly three years. I'll tell you what Hannah and I have earned since I have done getting drunk. We live in a good house of farmer P's, and make a good garden, and I and Hannah and the children keep it well clear of weeds. We have good clothes and clean, as you see me now. We have enough to eat, and now and then a good bit. Hannah and I are good and happy. The children go to school, and I pay all the school bills, and buy them books, and they are loved as much as any children in school. (Here he went on with the happy prospects of his oldest son.) We have fifty bushels of potatoes in the cellar, and cabbage, and turnips, and carrots, and beans. I have just put in a quarter of beef into the barrel, and I have a big fat hog to kill soon, and I owe nothing for all this; I have fifty dollars at interest. We have a good bed or two, and we are all sleeping warm in a cold night. Hannah has ten good chairs and a table, and a cupboard full of the dishes, and I break none of them; and the neighbors call and see us, and spend a good evening now and then. I did not tell you the children attend Sabbath school in the season of it, and they read to us some blessed books. Hannah had a Bible given her, and the children have Testaments all but the youngest.' 'Happy! happy!' interrupted the physician, 'the Lord has blessed you truly. O that drunkenness could be driven from the land. I have heard you with overwhelming delight, and gratitude to God. I should be happy to spend another hour with you, but my appointments call me away, and I must go. Dedicate all you have to God, and live for heaven, and we will meet and be joyful forever. Good bye sir.' They parted.

Why will not every man, made wretched by drink, open his eyes to the cause of his misery, reform his life and be happy? Ah, such men are willing, degraded slaves to a despicable appetite. Here was a man, who, by leaving off drinking, raised himself and family from poverty and wretchedness to prosperity, plenty, respectability, and happiness. What drunkard does not see that he may, if he will, go and do likewise?

THE COQUETTE.—No woman is a coquette by nature. She is made one only by circumstances, and for self protection. This may be safely affirmed, and would doubtless be proved by the history of every coquette, who has practised, thoughtlessly, or even with petty maliciousness, her arts of deception.

We have always pitied the mistaken girl who endeavored to trifle with right thoughts and pure feelings. In her conduct we have read the history of one who was familiar with that grief which cankereth the heart; who knew of the loveliness which is allied to desolation—who had poured out the gushing stream of life's earliest and best affections upon one who was unworthy—and who was now proud in her sorrow, and almost vindictive in her retaliation upon the world. Let it not be supposed that one like this is the heartless thing she seems; there lives one green spot in her memory, watered though it may be with tears, and kept verdant with the dews of grief, where thought reposes oft, and where affection retires to weep over violated pledges, and broken mementos of faithfulness.

The coquette is generally one who is proud to show to the world that her heart has been trifled with—who still cherishes the memory of one who has been false to the heart which was won by his blandishment, sports with the feelings of others that none may suspect the weakness that still clings to unworthiness. She should be pitied, not despised. Woman is not heartless by nature.—Athenaeum.

Young ladies are inseparable friends when they have a lover apiece, and no cause for jealousy.

There is a grasshopper in Sweden, called the Gryllus Verrucosus, which will bite off warts, at the same time discharging a corrosive liquid on the wound; but the American grasshoppers beat their Swedish brethren all hollow, if we may believe the editor of the Albany Journal, who says that a friend of his, who is fond of fishing, used to bait his hook with the hopping gentry, on the principle that if the fishes did not bite, the grasshoppers would kick their brains out.